

The Girl from Peace

BY CHARLES CLARK MUNN
COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD CO.

SYNOPSIS.

Chip McGuire, a 15-year-old girl living at Tim's place in the Maine woods, is sold by her father to Pete Boudie, a half-breed, who takes her away and reaches the camp of Martin Frisbie, occupied by Martin, his wife, nephew, Raymond Stetson, and others. The girl's story and her life in the wilderness for many years. When camp is broken Chip and Ray occupy same camp. The new camp of Mrs. Frisbie's father and are welcomed by him and Cy Walker, an old friend and former townsman of the hermit. They settle down for summer's stay. Chip and Ray are in love, but no one realizes it but Cy Walker. Strange canoe marks found on lake shore in front of their cabin. Strange smoke is seen across the lake. Martin and Levi leave for settlement to get officers to arrest McGuire, who is known as a hermit. Chip's one woods friend, Tomah, an Indian, visits camp. Ray believes he is back on the ridge. Chip is stolen by Pete Boudie who escapes with her in a canoe. Chip is rescued by Martin and Levi as they are returning from the settlement. Boudie escapes. Old Cy proposes to Ray that he remain in the wilderness. Chip and Ray and trap during the winter, and he concludes to do so. Others of the party return to Greenville, taking Chip with them. Chip starts to school in Greenville, and finds life unpleasant at Aunt Comfort's. She is especially by Hannah. Old Cy and Ray discover strange tracks in the wilderness. They penetrate further into the wilderness and discover the hiding place of the man who had been sneaking about their cabin. They investigate the cave home of McGuire during his absence. Boudie finds McGuire and the two fight to the death, finding a watery grave. McGuire returns to Greenville and finds Chip waiting for him. Ray wants Chip to return to the woods with them, but she, feeling that the old comradeship with Ray has been broken refuses. When they part, however, it is as lovers. Chip runs away from Aunt Comfort's and finds another home with Judson Walker. She gives her name as Vera Raymond. Aunt Abby, Aunt Mandy Walker's sister, visits them, and takes Chip home with her to Christmas Cove. Chip goes to school at Christmas Cove. She tells Aunt Abby the story of her life. Aunt Abby tells her of their family, and she discovers that Cy Walker is a long-lost brother of Judson Walker, but fear of betraying her hiding place prevents her telling of it. Old Cy investigates McGuire's cave in the wilderness and finds a fortune that belongs to Chip. Old Cy returns to the wilderness camp with the news that Chip had disappeared and proposes to start out to find her. He turns over to Martin a bank book showing a deposit of \$50,000 in Chip's name. Chip returns to the home of Judson Walker at Peaceful Valley for a summer vacation.

CHAPTER XXVII.—(Continued).

Martin had expected this news to be overpowering, and a "Good God!" from Uncle Jud, and a gasping "Land sakes!" from Aunt Mandy proved that it was.

Chip's face, however, was a study. First she grew pale, then flashed a scared glance from one to another of the three who watched her, and then almost did her shame and hatred of this vile parent find expression.

"I'm glad he—no, I won't say so, for he was my father," she exclaimed; "but I want Old Cy to have some of the money, and Uncle Jud here, and you folks, all. I was a pauper long enough," and then, true to her instinct of how to escape from trouble, she ran out of the room.

"She's a curd gal," asserted Uncle Jud, looking after her as if feeling that she needed explanation, "the most curd gal I ever saw. But we can't let her go, money or no money, Mr. Frisbie. I found her one night upon top o' Bangall hill. She was so starved an' beat out from trampin' she couldn't hardly crawl up on to the wagon, 'n' yet she said she wouldn't be helped 'thout she could earn it. I think she's like folks who read about, who starve ruther'n beg. But she kin have all we've got some day, an' we jest can't let her go."

And Martin, realizing its futility, made no further protest.

Something of chagrin also came to him, for, broad-minded as he was, he realized how partial neglect, the narrow religious prejudice of Greenville, and unwise notice of her childish ideas about spites and Old Tomah's superstitions had all conspired to drive her away. She was honest and self-respecting, "true blue," as Old Cy had said, grateful as a fawning dog for all that had been done for her, and in spite of her origin, a circumstance that carried no weight with Martin, she was one, he believed, who would develop into splendid womanhood. That she was well on her way toward that goal, her improved speech and devotion to these new friends gave ample evidence.

And now Ray's position in this complex situation occurred to Martin; for this young man's interest in Chip and almost heart-broken grief over her disappearance had long since betrayed his attachment.

"I suppose you may have guessed that there was a love affair mixed up with this episode," he said to the two somewhat dazed people.

"I called that was, that first night," Uncle Jud responded, his eyes twinkling again, "an' told Mandy so. 'Twas that more'n anything else kept us from quizzin' the gal. I knowed by her face she had heart trouble, 'n' I've seen the cause on't."

"You have," exclaimed Martin, astonished in turn, "for heaven's sake, where?"

"Oh, down to the corners, 'most a year ago, 'n' a likely boy he was, too."

"And never told her?"

"No, why should I, thinkin' she'd run away from him. We didn't want to spite her plans. We found out, though, her name was McGuire, but never let on till she told us a spell ago." And then Uncle Jud told the story of Ray's arrival in Greenville in search of Chip.

"That fellow is my nephew, Raymond Stetson," rejoined Martin with pride, "he also is an orphan, and I have adopted him. Chip has no cause to be ashamed of his attachment."

"I don't callate she is," replied Uncle Jud. "Tain't that that finally makes a gal kick over the traces. Mebbe 'twas t'wain some o' you folks said." And then a new light came to Martin.

"Mr. Walker," he answered impressively, "in every village there is always a meddlesome old maid who in-

sist that you at least pay us a visit soon. Here is your bank book," he added, presenting it. "You are rich now, or at least need never want, for which we are all grateful. And what about Ray?" he added, pausing to watch her. "What shall I say to him? Shall I tell him to come and see you?" Chip shook her head firmly. "No, no," she answered, "please don't do that. Some day I may feel different, but not now."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Sad news arrived in Peaceful Valley a week later, for Captain Bernis had passed on, Aunt Abby was in lonely sorrow, and wrote for Chip to come at once.

Her fate was now linked with these people. Aunt Abby had been kind and helpful, and Chip, more than glad to return a little of the obligation, hurried to Christmas Cove.

It was a solemn and silent house she now entered. Aunt Abby, despite the fact that it was not a love match, mourned her departed companion. The mill's pertinent silence added gloom, and Chip's smiling face and affectionate interest was more than welcome to Aunt Abby.

And now that concealment was no longer needed, Chip hastened to tell her story in full.

How utterly Aunt Abby was astonished, how breathlessly she listened to Chip's recital, and how, when the climax came and Chip assured her that good Old Cy Walker was still alive, Aunt Abby collapsed entirely, sobbing and thanking God all at once, is but a sidelight on this tale.

"I couldn't tell you before," Chip assured her, while her own tears still flowed. "I was so ashamed and guilty all in one, I couldn't bear to. I never did so mean a thing in all my life, and never will again. But when Uncle Jud told me what you didn't, and how much he cared for me, and how you once cared for Uncle Cy, I went all to pieces and told the whole story and sent word to Uncle Cy that day. I

emerged to win respect and love. But all her history is not told yet. She still lacked even a common education. There was still an old man seeking to find her, who was yet wandering afar. A homeless, almost friendless old man was he, whose life had gone amiss, and whose sole ambition was to do for her and find content in her happiness. A wanderer and recluse for many years, he was still among the busy haunts of men. More than that, he was an object of curiosity to all grown people and the jest of the young, as he tramped up and down the land in search of Chip.

And what a pitiful quest it was—this asking the same question thousands of times, this lingering in towns to watch mill operatives file out, this peering into stores and markets, to go on again, and repeat it for months and months.

There was still another link in this chain—a boy, so far as experience goes, who was only deterred from unwise haste by a cool-headed man.

"You had better not go to Chip now," Martin said to him on his return from Peaceful Valley. "She is an odd child of nature, and you won't lose by waiting. My advice to you is to forget her for the present, find some profitable occupation, and then, when you have made a little advancement in life, go and woo her if you can. To try it now is foolish."

It was cold comfort for Ray.

One of Chip's first acts of emancipation was to write to Aunt Comfort and Angie, assuring both of her love and best wishes, and thanking them for all they had done. Both letters were crumpled in chagrin, but correct in spelling, and in Angie's was a note for Martin, asking that he draw \$100 of her money and send it to her, and as much more to pay some one to follow Old Cy. The latter request Martin ignored, however, for he had already sent the machinery of newspaperdom at work, and an advertisement for information of that wanderer was flying far and wide.

Of the money sent her, Chip made odd and quite characteristic uses, only one of which needs mention—the purchase of a banjo. Had Ray known this, and that the tender memory it invoked was the reason for this investment, he would have had less cause for grief. But Ray did not, which was all the better for him.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Life, always colorless at Christmas Cove, except in midsummer, now became changed for Aunt Abby. For all the years since her one girlish romance had ended, she had been a patient helpmate to a man she merely respected. Religion had been her chief solace. The annual visit to her sister's gave the only relief to this motionless life, monotonous as the tides sweeping in and out of the cove; but now a counter-current slowly flowed into it.

Chip, of course, with her winsome eyes and grateful ways, was its main-spring, and so cheerfulness had been her career and so humiliating all her past experiences, that now, escaped from dependence and feeling herself a valued companion, she tasted a new and joyous life. So true was this, that hard lessons at school, the regularity of church-going, and the unvarying tenor of it all seemed less by comparison.

Another undercurrent, aside from Chip's devotion, also swept into Aunt Abby's feelings—the strange emotions following the knowledge that her former lover was still alive. For many years she had waited and hoped for this sailor boy's return; then her heart had grown silent, as hope slowly ebbed, and then, almost forgetfulness—but not quite, however, for the long, ill-dotted mill-pond just above had now and then been visited by them. A certain curiously grown oak which was secluded near its upper end was once a trysting-place, and even the old mill with its splashing wheel held memories.

And now after 40 years, during which she had become gray-haired and slightly wrinkled, all these memories returned like ghosts of long ago. No word or hint of them fell from her lips, not even to Chip, who was now nearest to her; and yet that girl been a mind-reader, she would have seen that Aunt Abby's persistent interest in all she had to tell about Old Cy meant something. Where he was now, how soon he would learn that his brother was still alive after all these years, was the one most pertinent subject of discussion.

How Chip felt toward him, not alone for the heritage he had secured for her, but for other and more valued heart interests, need not be specified. He had seemed almost a father to her at the lake. He was the first of her new-found friends whose feelings had warmed toward her, and Chip was now mature enough to value these blessings at their true worth.

A certain natural expectancy now entered the lives of Chip and Aunt Abby. Nothing could be done, however. Old Cy had gone out into the wide, wide world, as it were, searching for the little girl he loved. No manner of reaching him seemed possible; and yet, some day, he must learn what would bring him to them as fast as steam could fetch him.

"I know that he loved me as his own child there at the lake," Chip said in an exultant tone. "His going after me proves it; and once he hears where I am, he will hurry here, I know."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

EVANS' GREAT WORK

ENVIABLE RECORD OF REAR ADMIRAL IN THE NAVY.

Includes Service in Two Wars and Two "Near Wars"—Retirement Due to Wound Received in the Civil War.

San Francisco.—Rear Admiral Evans' two starred flag fluttered down from the main of the Connecticut in the bay here recently. In three months he will retire from the active list and will then be able to look back on a record which includes service in two wars, the civil and the Spanish-American; two "near wars," the Chilian imbroglio and the Bering sea sealing dispute; command of two fleets, the Asiatic and Atlantic, and accomplishment of the transfer of the latter force from the Atlantic to the Pacific via Magellan in the longest cruise ever attempted by a command of such size. As a flag officer he has had the most important sea command during the period that the new battleships were organized into a fleet and brought the new system of target practice to its present high stage of efficiency. He brings his service about to a close now because of ill health, which is partially due to the wound with which he began his conspicuous career at Fort Fisher in the civil war.

His life at the naval academy was an entertaining account of study, discipline and occasional escapades, cut short by the civil war, which called the midshipmen into active service. Then came the landing party at Fort Fisher, when Ensign Evans was shot in the leg and lay for hours on the sand dunes. He was sent to a naval hospital, where a surgeon determined to amputate his leg, and was only dissuaded by a revolver in the hands of his equally determined patient, who



Rear Admiral Evans.

preferred to limp, as he has done, on that leg for 45 years rather than utilize a wooden limb. Another charm in the book was a peep behind the scenes which it gave to the reader. As commanding officer of the Yorktown throughout the uncertain period following the Baltimore incident at Valparaiso. Here his role was diplomacy, placating the Chilians, but permitting them to see that the Yorktown meant business if trouble came. This was successful service, and when the next tedious job came along, the Bering sea sealing dispute, which also brought a war cloud, Commander Evans was senior officer present in the North Pacific.

He did well. His reputation was made and the path laid clear before him for command of the crack armored cruiser New York, which went to Europe and gave him opportunity, which he improved, to become the friend of the emperor of Germany. After that he commanded the Indiana and at Santiago the Iowa. A gift for epigram had enabled "Fighting Bob" to epitomize certain situations in a manner which the public approved. His remark that in a certain contingency he "would have made Spanish the court language of hades" brought him no little popularity with the country at large.

Near the close of 1903, when the secession of Panama had raised a great rumple in South America, Rear Admiral Evans was ordered to proceed to Honolulu, which he did at an average of more than 13 knots for the battleships, the oldest of which was the Oregon.

This was a most creditable performance. A year later Rear Admiral Evans returned home, expecting duty on the lighthouse board, but President Roosevelt personally requested him to take command of the Atlantic fleet. He did so in March, 1905. It then consisted of six battleships. It now has 16.

The Atlantic fleet had gone through a period of uncertain policy. Under Rear Admiral Higginson there were complaints that the men did not get enough liberty or privileges, and it is a fact that desertions were numerous and re-callsments few. Rear Admiral Barker filled in between the Higginson and Evans commands. The latter brought with him as chief of staff, Capt. J. E. Pillsbury, and the two took hold of the fleet with a firm grip. The men were promptly given as much liberty as possible, athletics of every description were encouraged, baseball and football leagues formed, regular schedules for boxing championships arranged in all classes, and rowing races were regularly held.

What She Liked. "I think the country is just sweet," said the town young lady. "I love to see the peasant returning to his humble cot, his sturdy figure outlined against the setting sun, his faithful collier at his side, and his plow upon his shoulder."—Royal Magazine.

Kind All Around. "Has my boy been a little defender and been kind to dumb animals to-day?"

"Yes, grandma. I let your canary out of the cage, and when my cat caught I set Towser on her."—Royal Magazine.

DAD AND HIS MEMORY.

Did Gentleman Really Had Very Little to Brag About.

It was a severe trial to Mr. Harding that his only son's memory was not all that could be desired. "Where in the world he got such a forgetful streak from is beyond me," said the exasperated father to his wife on one occasion.

"What has he forgotten now?" asked Mrs. Harding, with eyes downcast and a demure expression.

"The figures of the last return from the election on the bulletin-board," and Mr. Harding inserted a finger in his collar as if to loosen it, and shook his head vehemently. "Looked at 'em as he came past not half an hour ago, and now can't tell me."

"As I said to him: 'If you're so stupid you can't keep a few simple figures in your head, why don't you write 'em down on a piece of paper, as I do, and have done all my life, long before I was your age?' 'Youth's Companion."

Kangaroo as a Food.

Twenty or 30 years ago the back country squatters, in order to destroy kangaroos, used to dig huge pits at the corners of their paddocks, running yards of calico along their wire fences and then drive the kangaroos into the pits, clubbing and shooting them. In those days kangaroo skins were of no value; now that they are almost extinct, there is a great demand for them. The flesh of a young kangaroo is by no means to be despised, and kangaroo tail soup is a delicacy now hardly to be obtained.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in the last 30 years. That is Catarrh. Catarrh is the only positive cure now known for Catarrh. Catarrh is a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the cause of Catarrh, and restoring the patient's strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing his work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for our circular.

Address: J. C. GILBERT & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

That Inarticulate Cry.

"Railway employees are cautioned not to give any information to the curious public, are they not?"

"They must be. Even the brakeman seems inclined to make you guess at the names of the stations."—Washington Star.

The water is pure, the soil rich, the climate healthful and delightful, and the people prosperous in South Texas. You can buy from 10 to 640 acres of land and 2 town lots there for \$210 at \$10 per month. Write Dr. Chas. F. Simmons, San Antonio, Texas.

Entirely Sufficient.

First Boy—I'm going to study French this summer.

Second Boy—Well, I can speak two languages now.

First Boy—What are they?

Second Boy—English and football.

Ask Your Grocer for "Our Pie."

If your grocer is one of the few who have not "OUR-PIE" Preparation in stock send his name and 10 cents to D-Zerte Food Co., Rochester, N. Y., and they will mail you a full size, two pie package free. Three kinds, for making delicious lemon, chocolate and custard pies.

Unique.

"I have something novel in the way of a melodrama."

"State your case."

"The blacksmith is a rascal, while the banker is about as honest as the day is long!"—Exchange.

The Modern Nomad.

"Did you ask that man why he paid rent instead of owning his own home?" asked the real estate agent.

"Yes," answered the other. "He said he didn't. He kept moving."

On assured railroad 36 miles from San Antonio, Texas, the man of small means can buy a farm of from 10 to 340 acres and 2 town lots for \$210.

Fine climate, good water, rich soil, \$10 per month. Write Dr. Chas. F. Simmons, San Antonio, Texas.

Nature is sometimes kind. Occasionally a red-headed man gets bald.

Habitual Constipation

May be permanently overcome by proper personal efforts with the assistance of the one truly beneficial laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, which enables one to form regular habits daily so that assistance to nature may be gradually dispensed with when no longer needed as the best of remedies, when required, are to assist nature and not to supplant the natural functions, which must depend ultimately upon proper nourishment, proper efforts, and right living generally. To get its beneficial effects, always buy the genuine

Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna manufactured by the

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. ONLY

SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS

one size only, regular price 50¢ per bottle.

LIVE STOCK AND MISCELLANEOUS

Electrotypes

IN GREAT VARIETY FOR SALE AT THE LOWEST PRICES BY

A. N. KELLOGG NEWSPAPER CO.

73 W. Adams St., Chicago

PILES: NO MONEY TILL CURED.

SEND FOR FREE BOOK. TREATMENT ON SPECIAL PLAN. NO PAIN. NO DANGER. NO LOSS OF TIME. NO LOSS OF BUSINESS. NO LOSS OF REPUTATION. NO LOSS OF MONEY. NO LOSS OF LIFE. NO LOSS OF HONOR. NO LOSS OF DIGNITY. NO LOSS OF RESPECT. NO LOSS OF CREDIT. NO LOSS OF INFLUENCE. NO LOSS OF POWER. NO LOSS OF WEALTH. NO LOSS OF HAPPINESS. NO LOSS OF PEACE. NO LOSS OF JOY. NO LOSS OF LOVE. NO LOSS OF FRIENDSHIP. NO LOSS OF FAMILIARITY. NO LOSS OF SOCIETY. NO LOSS OF COMPANY. NO LOSS OF CONVERSATION. NO LOSS OF INTEREST. NO LOSS OF ATTENTION. NO LOSS OF RESPECT. NO LOSS OF CREDIT. NO LOSS OF INFLUENCE. NO LOSS OF POWER. NO LOSS OF WEALTH. NO LOSS OF HAPPINESS. NO LOSS OF PEACE. NO LOSS OF JOY. NO LOSS OF LOVE. NO LOSS OF FRIENDSHIP. NO LOSS OF FAMILIARITY. NO LOSS OF SOCIETY. NO LOSS OF COMPANY. NO LOSS OF CONVERSATION. NO LOSS OF INTEREST. NO LOSS OF ATTENTION. NO LOSS OF RESPECT. NO LOSS OF CREDIT. NO LOSS OF INFLUENCE. NO LOSS OF POWER. NO LOSS OF WEALTH. NO LOSS OF HAPPINESS. NO LOSS OF PEACE. NO LOSS OF JOY. NO LOSS OF LOVE. NO LOSS OF FRIENDSHIP. NO LOSS OF FAMILIARITY. NO LOSS OF SOCIETY. NO LOSS OF COMPANY. NO LOSS OF CONVERSATION. NO LOSS OF INTEREST. NO LOSS OF ATTENTION. NO LOSS OF RESPECT. NO LOSS OF CREDIT. NO LOSS OF INFLUENCE. NO LOSS OF POWER. NO LOSS OF WEALTH. NO LOSS OF HAPPINESS. NO LOSS OF PEACE. NO LOSS OF JOY. NO LOSS OF LOVE. NO LOSS OF FRIENDSHIP. NO LOSS OF FAMILIARITY. NO LOSS OF SOCIETY. NO LOSS OF COMPANY. NO LOSS OF CONVERSATION. NO LOSS OF INTEREST. NO LOSS OF ATTENTION. NO LOSS OF RESPECT. NO LOSS OF CREDIT. NO LOSS OF INFLUENCE. NO LOSS OF POWER. NO LOSS OF WEALTH. NO LOSS OF HAPPINESS. NO LOSS OF PEACE. NO LOSS OF JOY. NO LOSS OF LOVE. NO LOSS OF FRIENDSHIP. NO LOSS OF FAMILIARITY. NO LOSS OF SOCIETY. NO LOSS OF COMPANY. NO LOSS OF CONVERSATION. NO LOSS OF INTEREST. NO LOSS OF ATTENTION. NO LOSS OF RESPECT. NO LOSS OF CREDIT. NO LOSS OF INFLUENCE. NO LOSS OF POWER. NO LOSS OF WEALTH. NO LOSS OF HAPPINESS. NO LOSS OF PEACE. NO LOSS OF JOY. NO LOSS OF LOVE. NO LOSS OF FRIENDSHIP. NO LOSS OF FAMILIARITY. NO LOSS OF SOCIETY. NO LOSS OF COMPANY. NO LOSS OF CONVERSATION. NO LOSS OF INTEREST. NO LOSS OF ATTENTION. NO LOSS OF RESPECT. NO LOSS OF CREDIT. NO LOSS OF INFLUENCE. NO LOSS OF POWER. NO LOSS OF WEALTH. NO LOSS OF HAPPINESS. NO LOSS OF PEACE. NO LOSS OF JOY. NO LOSS OF LOVE. NO LOSS OF FRIENDSHIP. NO LOSS OF FAMILIARITY. NO LOSS OF SOCIETY. NO LOSS OF COMPANY. NO LOSS OF CONVERSATION. NO LOSS OF INTEREST. NO LOSS OF ATTENTION. NO LOSS OF RESPECT. NO LOSS OF CREDIT. NO LOSS OF INFLUENCE. NO LOSS OF POWER. NO LOSS OF WEALTH. NO LOSS OF HAPPINESS. NO LOSS OF PEACE. NO LOSS OF JOY. NO LOSS OF LOVE. NO LOSS OF FRIENDSHIP. NO LOSS OF FAMILIARITY. NO LOSS OF SOCIETY. NO LOSS OF COMPANY. NO LOSS OF CONVERSATION. NO LOSS OF INTEREST. NO LOSS OF ATTENTION. NO LOSS OF RESPECT. NO LOSS OF CREDIT. NO LOSS OF INFLUENCE. NO LOSS OF POWER. NO LOSS OF WEALTH. NO LOSS OF HAPPINESS. NO LOSS OF PEACE. NO LOSS OF JOY. NO LOSS OF LOVE. NO LOSS OF FRIENDSHIP. NO LOSS OF FAMILIARITY. NO LOSS OF SOCIETY. NO LOSS OF COMPANY. NO LOSS OF CONVERSATION. NO LOSS OF INTEREST. NO LOSS OF ATTENTION. NO LOSS OF RESPECT. NO LOSS OF CREDIT. NO LOSS OF INFLUENCE. NO LOSS OF POWER. NO LOSS OF WEALTH. NO LOSS OF HAPPINESS. NO LOSS OF PEACE. NO LOSS OF JOY. NO LOSS OF LOVE. NO LOSS OF FRIENDSHIP. NO LOSS OF FAMILIARITY. NO LOSS OF SOCIETY. NO LOSS OF COMPANY. NO LOSS OF CONVERSATION. NO LOSS OF INTEREST. NO LOSS OF ATTENTION. NO LOSS OF RESPECT. NO LOSS OF CREDIT. NO LOSS OF INFLUENCE. NO LOSS OF POWER. NO LOSS OF WEALTH. NO LOSS OF HAPPINESS. NO LOSS OF PEACE. NO LOSS OF JOY. NO LOSS OF LOVE. NO LOSS OF FRIENDSHIP. NO LOSS OF FAMILIARITY. NO LOSS OF SOCIETY. NO LOSS OF COMPANY. NO LOSS OF CONVERSATION. NO LOSS OF INTEREST. NO LOSS OF ATTENTION. NO LOSS OF RESPECT. NO LOSS OF CREDIT. NO LOSS OF INFLUENCE. NO LOSS OF POWER. NO LOSS OF WEALTH. NO LOSS OF HAPPINESS. NO LOSS OF PEACE. NO LOSS OF JOY. NO LOSS OF LOVE. NO LOSS OF FRIENDSHIP. NO LOSS OF FAMILIARITY. NO LOSS OF SOCIETY. NO LOSS OF COMPANY. NO LOSS OF CONVERSATION. NO LOSS OF INTEREST. NO LOSS OF ATTENTION. NO LOSS OF RESPECT. NO LOSS OF CREDIT. NO LOSS OF INFLUENCE. NO LOSS OF POWER. NO LOSS OF WEALTH. NO LOSS OF HAPPINESS. NO LOSS OF PEACE. NO LOSS OF JOY. NO LOSS OF LOVE. NO LOSS OF FRIENDSHIP. NO LOSS OF FAMILIARITY. NO LOSS OF SOCIETY. NO LOSS OF COMPANY. NO LOSS OF CONVERSATION. NO LOSS OF INTEREST. NO LOSS OF ATTENTION. NO LOSS OF RESPECT. NO LOSS OF CREDIT. NO LOSS OF INFLUENCE. NO LOSS OF POWER. NO LOSS OF WEALTH. NO LOSS OF HAPPINESS. NO LOSS OF PEACE. NO LOSS OF JOY. NO LOSS OF LOVE. NO LOSS OF FRIENDSHIP. NO LOSS OF FAMILIARITY. NO LOSS OF SOCIETY. NO LOSS OF COMPANY. NO LOSS OF CONVERSATION. NO LOSS OF INTEREST. NO LOSS OF ATTENTION. NO LOSS OF RESPECT. NO LOSS OF CREDIT. NO LOSS OF INFLUENCE. NO LOSS OF POWER. NO LOSS OF WEALTH. NO LOSS OF HAPPINESS. NO LOSS OF PEACE. NO LOSS OF JOY. NO LOSS OF LOVE. NO LOSS OF FRIENDSHIP. NO LOSS OF FAMILIARITY. NO LOSS OF SOCIETY. NO LOSS OF COMPANY. NO LOSS OF CONVERSATION. NO LOSS OF INTEREST. NO LOSS OF ATTENTION. NO LOSS OF RESPECT. NO LOSS OF CREDIT. NO LOSS OF INFLUENCE. NO LOSS OF POWER. NO LOSS OF WEALTH. NO LOSS OF HAPPINESS. NO LOSS OF PEACE. NO LOSS OF JOY. NO LOSS OF LOVE. NO LOSS OF FRIENDSHIP. NO LOSS OF FAMILIARITY. NO LOSS OF SOCIETY. NO LOSS OF COMPANY. NO LOSS OF CONVERSATION. NO LOSS OF INTEREST. NO LOSS OF ATTENTION. NO LOSS OF RESPECT. NO LOSS OF CREDIT. NO LOSS OF INFLUENCE. NO LOSS OF POWER. NO LOSS OF WEALTH. NO LOSS OF HAPPINESS. NO LOSS OF PEACE. NO LOSS OF JOY. NO LOSS OF LOVE. NO LOSS OF FRIENDSHIP. NO LOSS OF FAMILIARITY. NO LOSS OF SOCIETY. NO LOSS OF COMPANY. NO LOSS OF CONVERSATION. NO LOSS OF INTEREST. NO LOSS OF ATTENTION. NO LOSS OF RESPECT. NO LOSS OF CREDIT. NO LOSS OF INFLUENCE. NO LOSS OF POWER. NO LOSS OF WEALTH. NO LOSS OF HAPPINESS. NO LOSS OF PEACE. NO LOSS OF JOY. NO LOSS OF LOVE. NO LOSS OF FRIENDSHIP. NO LOSS OF FAMILIARITY. NO LOSS OF SOCIETY. NO LOSS OF COMPANY. NO LOSS OF CONVERSATION. NO LOSS OF INTEREST. NO LOSS OF ATTENTION. NO LOSS OF RESPECT. NO LOSS OF CREDIT. NO LOSS OF INFLUENCE. NO LOSS OF POWER. NO LOSS OF WEALTH. NO LOSS OF HAPPINESS. NO LOSS OF PEACE. NO LOSS OF JOY. NO LOSS OF LOVE. NO LOSS OF FRIENDSHIP. NO LOSS OF FAMILIARITY. NO LOSS OF SOCIETY. NO LOSS OF COMPANY. NO LOSS OF CONVERSATION. NO LOSS OF INTEREST. NO LOSS OF ATTENTION. NO LOSS OF RESPECT. NO LOSS OF CREDIT. NO LOSS OF INFLUENCE. NO LOSS OF POWER. NO LOSS OF WEALTH. NO LOSS OF HAPPINESS. NO LOSS OF PEACE. NO LOSS OF JOY. NO LOSS OF LOVE. NO LOSS OF FRIENDSHIP. NO LOSS OF FAMILIARITY. NO LOSS OF SOCIETY. NO LOSS OF COMPANY. NO LOSS OF CONVERSATION. NO LOSS OF INTEREST. NO LOSS OF ATTENTION. NO LOSS OF RESPECT. NO LOSS OF CREDIT. NO LOSS OF INFLUENCE. NO LOSS OF POWER. NO LOSS OF WEALTH. NO LOSS OF HAPPINESS. NO LOSS OF PEACE. NO LOSS OF JOY. NO LOSS OF LOVE. NO LOSS OF FRIENDSHIP. NO LOSS OF FAMILIARITY. NO LOSS OF SOCIETY. NO LOSS OF COMPANY. NO LOSS OF CONVERSATION. NO LOSS OF INTEREST. NO LOSS OF ATTENTION. NO LOSS OF RESPECT. NO LOSS OF CREDIT. NO LOSS OF INFLUENCE. NO LOSS OF POWER. NO LOSS OF WEALTH. NO LOSS OF HAPPINESS. NO LOSS OF PEACE. NO LOSS OF JOY. NO LOSS OF LOVE. NO LOSS OF FRIENDSHIP. NO LOSS OF FAMILIARITY. NO LOSS OF SOCIETY. NO LOSS OF COMPANY. NO LOSS OF CONVERSATION. NO LOSS OF INTEREST. NO LOSS OF ATTENTION. NO LOSS OF RESPECT. NO LOSS OF CREDIT. NO LOSS OF INFLUENCE. NO LOSS OF POWER. NO LOSS OF WEALTH. NO LOSS OF HAPPINESS. NO LOSS OF PEACE. NO LOSS OF JOY. NO LOSS OF LOVE. NO LOSS OF FRIENDSHIP. NO LOSS OF FAMILIARITY. NO LOSS OF SOCIETY. NO LOSS OF COMPANY. NO LOSS OF CONVERSATION. NO LOSS OF INTEREST. NO LOSS OF ATTENTION. NO LOSS OF RESPECT. NO LOSS OF CREDIT. NO LOSS OF INFLUENCE. NO LOSS OF POWER. NO LOSS OF WEALTH. NO LOSS OF HAPPINESS. NO LOSS OF PEACE. NO LOSS OF JOY. NO LOSS OF LOVE. NO LOSS OF FRIENDSHIP. NO LOSS OF FAMILIARITY. NO LOSS OF SOCIETY. NO LOSS OF COMPANY. NO LOSS OF CONVERSATION. NO LOSS OF INTEREST. NO LOSS OF ATTENTION. NO LOSS OF RESPECT. NO LOSS OF CREDIT. NO LOSS OF INFLUENCE. NO LOSS OF POWER. NO LOSS OF WEALTH. NO LOSS OF HAPPINESS. NO LOSS OF PEACE. NO LOSS OF JOY. NO LOSS OF LOVE. NO LOSS OF FRIENDSHIP. NO LOSS OF FAMILIARITY. NO LOSS OF SOCIETY. NO LOSS OF COMPANY. NO LOSS OF CONVERSATION. NO LOSS OF INTEREST. NO LOSS OF ATTENTION. NO LOSS OF RESPECT. NO LOSS OF CREDIT. NO LOSS OF INFLUENCE. NO LOSS OF POWER. NO LOSS OF WEALTH. NO LOSS OF HAPPINESS. NO LOSS OF PEACE. NO LOSS OF JOY. NO LOSS OF LOVE. NO LOSS OF FRIENDSHIP. NO LOSS OF FAMILIARITY. NO LOSS OF SOCIETY. NO LOSS OF COMPANY. NO LOSS OF CONVERSATION. NO LOSS OF INTEREST. NO LOSS OF ATTENTION. NO LOSS OF RESPECT. NO LOSS OF CREDIT. NO LOSS OF INFLUENCE. NO LOSS OF POWER. NO LOSS OF WEALTH. NO LOSS OF HAPPINESS. NO LOSS OF PEACE. NO LOSS OF JOY. NO LOSS OF LOVE. NO LOSS OF FRIENDSHIP. NO LOSS OF FAMILIARITY. NO LOSS OF SOCIETY. NO LOSS OF COMPANY. NO LOSS OF CONVERSATION. NO LOSS OF INTEREST. NO LOSS OF ATTENTION. NO LOSS OF RESPECT. NO LOSS OF CREDIT. NO LOSS OF INFLUENCE. NO LOSS OF POWER. NO LOSS OF WEALTH. NO LOSS OF HAPPINESS. NO LOSS OF PEACE. NO LOSS OF JOY. NO LOSS OF LOVE. NO LOSS OF FRIENDSHIP. NO LOSS OF FAMILIARITY. NO LOSS OF SOCIETY. NO LOSS OF COMPANY. NO LOSS OF CONVERSATION. NO LOSS OF INTEREST. NO LOSS OF ATTENTION. NO LOSS OF RESPECT. NO LOSS OF CREDIT. NO LOSS OF INFLUENCE. NO LOSS OF POWER. NO LOSS OF WEALTH. NO LOSS OF HAPPINESS. NO LOSS OF PEACE. NO LOSS OF JOY. NO LOSS OF LOVE. NO LOSS OF FRIENDSHIP. NO LOSS OF FAMILIARITY. NO LOSS OF SOCIETY. NO LOSS OF COMPANY. NO LOSS OF CONVERSATION. NO LOSS OF INTEREST. NO LOSS OF ATTENTION. NO LOSS OF RESPECT. NO LOSS OF CREDIT. NO LOSS OF INFLUENCE. NO LOSS OF POWER. NO LOSS OF WEALTH. NO LOSS OF HAPPINESS. NO LOSS OF PEACE. NO LOSS OF JOY. NO LOSS OF LOVE. NO LOSS OF FRIENDSHIP. NO LOSS OF FAMILIARITY. NO LOSS OF SOCIETY. NO LOSS OF COMPANY. NO LOSS OF CONVERSATION. NO LOSS OF INTEREST. NO LOSS OF ATTENTION. NO LOSS OF RESPECT. NO LOSS OF CREDIT. NO LOSS OF INFLUENCE. NO LOSS OF POWER. NO LOSS OF WEALTH. NO LOSS OF HAPPINESS. NO LOSS OF PEACE. NO LOSS OF JOY. NO LOSS OF LOVE. NO LOSS OF FRIENDSHIP. NO LOSS OF FAMILIARITY. NO LOSS OF SOCIETY. NO LOSS OF COMPANY. NO LOSS OF CONVERSATION. NO LOSS OF INTEREST. NO LOSS OF ATTENTION. NO LOSS OF RESPECT. NO LOSS OF CREDIT. NO LOSS OF INFLUENCE. NO LOSS OF POWER. NO LOSS OF WEALTH. NO LOSS OF HAPPINESS. NO LOSS OF PEACE. NO LOSS OF JOY. NO LOSS OF LOVE. NO LOSS OF FRIENDSHIP. NO LOSS OF FAMILIARITY. NO LOSS OF SOCIETY. NO LOSS OF COMPANY. NO LOSS OF CONVERSATION. NO LOSS OF INTEREST. NO LOSS OF ATTENTION. NO LOSS OF RESPECT. NO LOSS OF CREDIT. NO LOSS OF INFLUENCE. NO LOSS OF POWER. NO LOSS OF WEALTH. NO LOSS OF HAPPINESS. NO LOSS OF PEACE. NO LOSS OF JOY. NO LOSS OF LOVE. NO LOSS OF FRIENDSHIP. NO LOSS OF FAMILIARITY. NO LOSS OF SOCIETY. NO LOSS OF COMPANY. NO LOSS OF CONVERSATION. NO LOSS OF INTEREST. NO LOSS OF ATTENTION. NO LOSS OF RESPECT. NO LOSS OF CREDIT. NO LOSS OF INFLUENCE. NO LOSS OF POWER. NO LOSS OF WEALTH. NO LOSS OF HAPPINESS. NO LOSS OF PEACE. NO LOSS OF JOY. NO LOSS OF LOVE. NO LOSS OF FRIENDSHIP. NO LOSS OF FAMILIARITY. NO LOSS OF SOCIETY. NO LOSS OF COMPANY. NO LOSS OF CONVERSATION. NO LOSS OF INTEREST. NO LOSS OF ATTENTION. NO LOSS OF RESPECT. NO LOSS OF CREDIT. NO LOSS OF INFLUENCE. NO LOSS OF POWER. NO LOSS OF WEALTH. NO LOSS OF HAPPINESS. NO LOSS OF PEACE. NO LOSS OF JOY. NO LOSS OF LOVE. NO LOSS OF FRIENDSHIP. NO LOSS OF FAMILIARITY. NO LOSS OF SOCIETY. NO LOSS OF COMPANY. NO LOSS OF CONVERSATION. NO LOSS OF INTEREST. NO LOSS OF ATTENTION. NO LOSS OF RESPECT. NO LOSS OF CREDIT. NO LOSS OF INFLUENCE. NO LOSS OF POWER. NO LOSS OF WEALTH. NO LOSS OF HAPPINESS. NO LOSS OF PEACE. NO LOSS OF JOY. NO LOSS OF LOVE. NO LOSS OF FRIENDSHIP. NO LOSS OF FAMILIARITY. NO LOSS OF SOCIETY. NO LOSS OF COMPANY. NO LOSS OF CONVERSATION. NO LOSS OF INTEREST. NO LOSS OF ATTENTION. NO LOSS OF RESPECT. NO LOSS OF CREDIT. NO LOSS OF INFLUENCE. NO LOSS OF POWER. NO LOSS OF WEALTH. NO LOSS OF HAPPINESS. NO LOSS OF PEACE. NO LOSS OF JOY. NO LOSS OF LOVE. NO LOSS OF FRIENDSHIP. NO LOSS OF FAMILIARITY. NO LOSS OF SOCIETY. NO LOSS OF COMPANY. NO LOSS OF CONVERSATION. NO LOSS OF INTEREST. NO LOSS OF ATTENTION. NO LOSS OF RESPECT. NO LOSS OF CREDIT. NO LOSS OF INFLUENCE. NO LOSS OF POWER. NO LOSS OF WEALTH. NO LOSS OF HAPPINESS. NO LOSS OF PEACE.